THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION BY DARRELL FIGGIS

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IRENE OWEN ANDREWS

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THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POETRY—

A VISION OF LIFE. 1909.
THE CRUCIBLES OF TIME. 1911.
QUEEN TARA. A TRAGEDY. 1913.

NOVELS—

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CHILDREN OF EARTH. (*Shortly.*)

STUDIES—

SHAKESPEARE: A STUDY. (1911.)
STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS. (1912.)
Æ.: A STUDY OF A MAN AND A NATION. (*Shortly.*)
THE LYRIC CRY. AN ANTHOLOGY. (*Shortly.*)

THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION

BY

DARRELL FIGGIS

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1915

TO Æ.

Because you have known the secret things we praise,
Have seen the shining powers that lurk and sway
Behind the changing show their gestures raise,
Until God's music withers the world away;
Because you have seen the vision we would make,
The man who is himself the larger art,
Who in the burning dreams from which we wake
Builds the new temple in his own wise heart;
Because in your own prowess unafraid,
Secure of wisdom, you have turned to give
To other waygoers what they need of aid,
As is most meet in your prerogative:
Therefore we come to you and, one by one,
Render you tribute of the things we have done.

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RENCOUNTER

On a dull hour when all Life fell weary
And its use was clothed in colours tristful,
When the loves I loved once did deride me,
Draping all the heaven with curtains dreary,
Suddenly a presence came about me,
And I cried to her with eyes so wistful,
'No, I want you not; go from beside me!'
'Ah, but think, you cannot do without me!'

Some of my dreams stood achieved before me,
Other dreams as yet were penned in heaven;
None of them had found themselves a lover,
Not even her who on her brave heart wore me,
With her cheer of cheer—I do not doubt you.
Then I answered, 'Look you, I have striven;
Take your burden back, I give it over.'
'Nay, but see, I cannot do without you.'

Profitless in love or faith or guerdon,
Spat upon or mocked with soft derision,
So they shone there, some in heavenly cunning
Waiting till my shoulders took their burden.

So I cried out, 'Why should I be loser?
If my eyes were cleansed of fruitless vision
I were free to mingle in Life's running.'
'Save that neither you nor I is chooser.'

Then I turned to her who stood so proudly,
Her or him, so beauteous, so refulgent,
'Dreams on dreams I know, yet having spun them,
Wrought them into musics overloudly,
Look, as now I shred them, all unrueing,
For I to myself am least indulgent,
See them, oh, the blemishes upon them!'
'Courage then! for seeing's half of doing.'

All my hours arose, my toil, my labour,
And I saw the things I wrought within them,
Wage-work, ordered for a general pleasure,
Sung not, fashioned not on harp or tabor:
Then I answered, 'When I do not woo you,
When I seek my own, my labours win them
Plaudit, comfortable cheer, some treasure.'
'True: yet tell, what are such toils unto you?'

Naught, I knew it: faggots for the burning,
Hewing, shaping wood, and drawing water,
Seeing brass where gold should steer the vision,
Menial toil to win a menial spurning,

Taskwork worth no trouble of refining.
'Oh!' I cried, 'to serve the High God's daughter,
It is hard—the hatred, the derision!'
'Yet 'tis thro' such clouds the crown comes shining.'

So my dreams came floating down to greet me,
Dreams that yet I had not wrought to numbers
Floating in their colours rich and fervent.
And I said to her who stood to meet me,
'Truly are they beauteous, yet to woo them
Labour and a zeal that never slumbers
Ruthlessly exact they from their servant.'
'How else, tell me, did you think to sue them?'

Then was I rebuked; for in the past time,
In the hour when Life was pure and golden,
I had sworn to dedicate my living;
And that like the first should be the last time
Making music with all wonder fragrant.
'Oh!' I cried, 'I know my hours beholden:
Nor may I revoke my ancient giving.'
'And I knew it; were you ne'er so vagrant.'

Standing there, the dreams done and despited,
Floating there, the dreams without a fashion,
Far without, the world with lip derisive,
In the years, stark labours unrequited—

Well I saw them all, and well I knew them,
And I spoke, half-grimness, half in passion,
'As I dream my dreams, so now decisive
Will I dedicate all hours to do them.'

Then spoke she, with countenance bright-gleaming,
'Song is the pure utterance of the godlike,
Song is purest joy in purest being;
And who fashions song recalls from seeming
Into being all the dreams that perish,
All the hopes that otherwise were sodlike.'
Saying which she fled in flame, and, fleeing,
Left me yet one other dream to cherish.

SONGS OF ACAILL

SLIABH MÓR

I STOOD among the ancient hills
While all the dusk eve's blue array
Swept round with softly rustling wings
To still the glamour of the day.
The murmur of persistent rills,
A lone thrush with his communings
Of music, folded in some trees,
A piping robin ere he flew,
And the soft touch of a calm breeze
Sighing across the heavenly view,
Were the sole voices whispering round
The slope hills with reflective sound,
So still the whole Earth was:
So very still it was.
The solemn conclave of the hills,
In an erect fraternity,
Expectant of the hour to be
Were trembling in the calm that fills
The house of Being with its peace.
A measured rhythm flowed abroad
From old Earth of the heart so strong,
That was itself a manner of song,

Bidding the day's tame tumults cease
Before the coming of her lord.
The throstle as he communed low
Enchanted seemed, and tranced, and spelled,
To catch the measure of that flow
That from the mighty heart upwelled,
That his own song thereby should be
Lost in the inner immensity.
The trickling music of the rills
Along the bosom of the hills
Was to that larger rhythm bent,
And in that larger silence played.
The very winds that came and went
Were in their courses stayed,
Hushed in a mute expectancy.
The quiet Earth was bent in prayer.
And I, as I stood there,
Scarce witting what my body knew,
Was hushed to adoration too.

Like a charmed cadence throbbing low
Along her scarred mute visage, so
Flowed the Earth's spirit thro' the air
Emerging from its ancient lair,—
Flowed round the dusk and glooming hills
That stood in solemn peacefulness,
Flowed thro' the shimmer of air that fills
The valleys with a shadowy tress,

Flowed up where stars began to peep,
Flowed where the hushed winds lay asleep,
And sank again while peace profound
Wrapped all the ancient hills around.
Not a breath stirred ;
No voice or song was heard.
It was a silence vaster than the dead ;
It was a silence where in all its power
Being raised up its mighty head an hour.
And I, tho' I scarce knew what chanced,
Caught in the measured rhythm, and tranced,
Was yet raised to a terrible dread
Of that great hush that wrapped the hills :
That spell upon the standing hills.
I could have fled, but that the awe
Of an unfurling and strange might
Had me transfigured in its law.
And yet the fear that stirred in me
Was mingled with a wild delight
That thrilled with very ecstasy
Thro' every nerve and vein and mesh
Building my quivering house of flesh.

Then a strange shudder shook the hills.
Some movement swayed them in eclipse,
As tho' a dread apocalypse
Were waiting till they were upfurled
With all the travail of the world.

They were transformed, and shadowy-high
They stood there, and yet floated by ;
While from some inner place of flame
A boom of distant music came
Suddenly thro' the air,
And huge and silent chords of sound
Soared o'er the quivering hills around,
As I hung trembling there.
My house of flesh could scarce contain
The rolling chords that swept abroad
And undissolved remain,
My joy stirred in me with such pain.
Loosed on the silence that had been,
Obeying its symphonic lord,
The music rolled thro' time and space,
Booming in changing chord on chord
Amidst a silence that seemed still
Upon the old Earth's brooding face.
It rolled round each reverberate hill ;
It crashed its high symphonic will
And floated all the vales between,
In clouds of colour mounting high,
In waves of music sweeping by,
Booming above the ancient peace
Betwixt the ancient silences.

What chanced I do not know.
How is it I should know ?

SLIABH MÓR

Like rolling clouds before the day
The booming music rolled away ;
And, like a storm of splendour past,
The silence seemed yet to outlast
The music it had ushered so.
Then slowly the wise thrush arose
And mused away the evening's close.

COIRE DUBH LINN

THE voices of curlew crying on the air
Floated about the silence of the hills.
The brooding visage of the mountains bare
Seemed the mute passion of a thousand wills.

From the black waters of the dizzy pool
Cupped in the rocky sharpness of their sides,
Enchantments curled up to their foreheads cool,
Like a large gesture that reveals and hides.

Then thro' the tangled network of my mind
I sank, as down a steep and endless well;
A sudden darkness and a rushing wind
And a sharp terror caught me as I fell.

So I saw God: as like a man may see
The Spectral Beauty and be living still.
His crowding thoughts flowed thro' eternity,
And His quick eyes searched out my secret will.

Then shining rainbows hid Him wholly up.
But a large peace had filled me at the sight:
Like crystal waters in a golden cup,
Brimming above the sides into the light.

BOGAĊ BÁN

A WOMAN had I seen, as I rode by,
Stacking her turf and chanting an old song;
But now her voice came to me like a cry
Wailing an old immeasurable wrong,
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

Like a grey ribbon over the dark world,
Lying along the bog that rose each side,
The white road strayed upon the earth, and curled,
Staying its journey where the hills abide,
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

It was not that the Night had laid her cloak
About the valley, going thro' the sky,
And yet a dimness like a distant smoke
Had fallen on the Earth as I rode by,
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

Sweeping the sides of the mountains gaunt and high,
Floating about their faces in the pool,
A shadowy presence with a rustling sigh

Crept thro' the valley till the valley was full:
My horse's hoofs fell softly as on wool:
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

In musical measures like an echo dim
The hosting held its secret path unseen:
Sliabh Mór looked down to Mám, and Mám to him
Looked up, with Loch na nÉan between:
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

A new world and a new scene mixed its power
With the old world and the old scene of Earth's face:
A doorway had been folded back an hour;
And silver lights fell with a secret grace
Where I endeavoured the white path to trace
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán.

Within my mind a sudden joy had birth,
For I had found an infinite company there:
The hosting of the companies of the earth,
The hosting of the companies of the air,
Riding the road thro' Bogaċ bán,
The white, strange road thro' Bogaċ bán.

LOCH NA N-ÉAN

BEAUTY that was before the world became,
Beauty that shall be when the world has been,
And so the incommunicable flame
Burns thro' the vesture of the earthly scene.

Deep in the waters of the tranquil lake
The lonely Sliabh Mór stoops his snowy head
For winds down Gabhail an Mhám to set ashake,
Dreaming of hours where hours themselves are fled.

The cry of curlew wails about the air
Echoing in the silence suddenly,
And like low voices speaking everywhere
Comes the wide murmur of the ruining sea.

Thro' the dark waters proud swan push their way
Like wraiths that find a noiseless path to go,
From hidden valleys to the westering day
Five wild geese moaning pass, and vanish so.

Gabhail an Mhám is pronounced as though it were written *Gowl a' Wawm.*

Mists are above the hills, and all things fade
Like veils that clothe a secret loveliness,
That it may drape yet may not always shade
Burning beneath it for the heart to guess.

The lake dreams in a reverie strange and still,
The company of the hills dream everywhere,
A desolate glory slowly seems to fill
And float about them, streaming thro' the air.

So the great Earth-face shines, and the Earth's frame,
So burns beyond it, and about it, and between,
The Beauty that was ere the world became,
Beauty that shall be when the world has been.

CRUACHÁN

COIRE MÓR and Coire Beag and Coire Dubh Linn,
Set round the Mount of Vision where the world shines fair,
Guarding its secrets from the feet would enter in,
And hinting in mysteries what is pure as air.

Terrible are the places where the inner light is thrown
Making the outer brightness full of shadows dread and strained,
But the earth is mapped and a singing joy is known
When once the Mount of Vision has been won and gained.

INISGALLUN

THE winds are roaring out of the West
Where the clouds are in stormy saffron drest,
And the curlew and wild-geese are calling and crying
Over the straits in Inisgallun,
The heron and cormorant wailing and sighing,
Mingling a wild and an endless tune.

The winds are roaring out of the West
Over the waters of strife and unrest,
The shrieking rain in the low pools falling,
The strong waves beating a ceaseless rune,
And the heron and curlew and wild-geese calling,
Vainly lamenting in Inisgallun.

The froth and fume of the maddened sea
Spit thro' the torn air ceaselessly ;
And the dark low bog in anguish crying,
And the heather wailing in bitter pain ;
For the winds from out of the West are flying
And the Earth will never find peace again.

AILLANÁN

WORLD beyond the search of sight,
Where no drift of thought may go,
Glimmering thro' the world of might
Like shadowy lights round a flame of light,
Why do you haunt me so?

Down the fields of the sky the sun
Goes to be quenched of his will
In a world where wave and heaven are one,
And shadows with feet invisible run
On water, and heather, and hill.

Strange hostings are surging everywhere
In the passing flutter of day,
Tossing handfuls of feathery air
In gusts, like the kiss of a truant hair,
And in laughter fading away.

Faint voices whisper secretly
A tune that I know too well;
And the light that glints the wave, the free
Space of the earth, in an ecstasy
Image the things they tell.

And I yearn to run on the wings of the wind
To seek you out if I may;
Unutterably longing to find
Your borders beyond the courts of my mind,
So near, yet so far away.

ANACH

THERE is no peace now however things go,
No peace where the ways of men ring loud,
Save in a secret place that I know
Hidden as in a cloud.

All the high hills stand clustering round,
Arched to protect it from trouble and noise,
The great strong hills that sing without sound,
And speak with no voice.

There lies Caoróg the mute low lake,
And Bunnafréimhe lying aloft,
Peacefully sleeping, or even if they wake
Lapping low and soft.

Upon the high hilltops the heather may be crying,
And over the hilltops the voice of men are heard,
But here only water lapping and sighing,
Or the wail of a bird.

Peace, peace, and peace, from the inner heart of dream,
More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem
With an invisible spell.

FEAR BRÉAGACH

A SILENCE like a woven sound
Where no voice has a will to break
The poise in music that all make,
Or tear the magical profound,
Slowly began to eddy round
The heather waving on the hill.
In stretching circles wider still
Spinning, it drew within its sway
All clamours stirring in the day
That clothed the hills sleeping in peace
With gold airs like a breathing dream.
A plover as it called and fled
Wailed like the echoing cries that cease
Falling along a sudden well.
The winds that all the raging night
Had torn the heavens in their flight,
Swung in slow balance like a beam—
Not banished, but updrawn instead
In the swaying silence that now fell
Over the sunshine with its spell.
And all the quietness seemed to be
Lifting its head expectantly.

The hills that slept and dreamed
In their loose mists of gold
Seemed to know well the spirit that streamed
About the places they enfold
In swaying silence slow.
Full well they seemed to know :
As though the very sleep they slept
Was like a house wherein they kept
The powers that stirred abroad to be
Loosed in a solemn revelry.
And the steep valley the pale sun
Filled up with mists that gleamed and
shone,
Swaying with undulations slow
To wash the walls of the mountains so,
Like moving waters from which come
Enchantments thro' the sleeping air.
As a voice stricken numb
With wonders it cannot declare,
Too many and too great,
The silence that had fallen on
The noonday earth, trembled upon
Speech, and a rush of joy elate,
Altho' no murmur and no sound
Availed to break the hush profound.

And then it seemed a voice was loosed.
Perhaps it was a wandering rill,

Winding its journey down the hill
In bog and stone and heather noosed,
Had found its music suddenly,
Had, from the silence, been set free
To pipe its measured note.
Perhaps the piping came afar
Over the dreaming hills to float
And call a slow and measured bar.
For in some secret place a tune
Slenderly fluting like a rune
Quietly trembled, and then ceased :
Even as the thin and quavering sound
Along the brooding heath increased,
It sank away ; and all around
The hills seemed suddenly to awake
And nearer, closer stations take.
The Earth contracted was
By some swift magic of its laws ;
Or so it seemed :
Mionnán had come across the bay,
Eoin Dubh above the distance gleamed
Beyond the glamour of the day,
Cruachán and Sliabh Mór brotherly
Trembled along their shouldering earth ;
And a wild tumult in my blood,
A pain of fearful ecstasy
Full of strange terror and wild mirth,
Swept thro' my being like a flood,

Where no cry could dismiss or wake
That silence like a shining lake.

It was as tho' my soul
Struggled to be set free,
Crying against the body's strong control,
Crying to join the wild fraternity
That was abroad, and know
What revel they mixt so,
What revel, or what solemn ritual.
For there had come a silver call
Like echoes over brooding seas
Loosed, where a heavy silence is.
And I half knew the rout that surged
Slowly about the slope hillside,
Like sunlight whirling in a tide
That ever to one place returned.
Sometime a sudden arm emerged
Lifted in winning loveliness;
Sometime a tongue of flame upburned,
And fell back where the sunlight lay
The waving heather to caress;
And sometime wisps of brightness seemed
To curl and rise up thro' the day
That on the strong Earth gently dreamed.
And always like a nameless Name
A sound of silent singing came

Sweeping the mountains like the cool
Wash of a wave that passes so,
From worlds where silence is more full
Of music than the ear may know.

Then, in a vision suddenly,
On sharp Mionnán beyond the bay
Another tumult I could see
Fling brightening answers thro' the day.
Like two slow-whirling pools of light
They each spun, raising higher and higher
Their deep wild songs of festival,
Flinging their flames of answering fire,
Mingling their secret ritual.
Light leapt to light and rune with rune
Mixed in a maddening ecstasy,
Full of all fear and such wild glee
As tears the builded palace of thought,
And makes the semblance of things wrought—
The body slowly shaped and hewn,
And the long labour of the brain—
Seem like a barrier to desire,
That in a sudden riot of pain
Swiftly shall be dissolved in fire.
For in that sacrificial hour
A strange and secret life had power.

If I had fallen out of time,
Or I had seen the secret host

That haunts the margin of Earth's coast
Erect its hidden rites sublime,
I knew not, nor could tell
The manner of the spell
Had fallen on me suddenly.
For like a far voice from a world
Where clamours are together hurled,
Emerged a plover's wailing cry
Like a dying echo passing by.
The valley in its mist of blue
Lay like an old familiar boon ;
The hills stood up erect and high
Swathed in their golden robes of noon ;
But as I lookt on them I knew
I was to them and they to me
What we had never thought to be,
For in their secret shapes they shone
A terror of beauty to look on.

CRAMPÁN

I KNEW not what it was that drew me out,
Plucking at me where I sat restlessly
Watching the turf-flame, what dishevelled rout
That passed beside the hill and summoned me.

Moonless and starless, like an open pit,
The night hung, where all life was hushed and still;
Heaven and the breathing Earth were merged in it;
And I know not what chanced upon the hill.

A memory of a darkness where Earth lay
In music swaying on the slow night wind,
Of breathless hours that gently flowed away,
Clings, like a mountain mist, about my mind.

But thro' the darkness there came on me so
A quiet fire that burned about my brain:
And nothing can dispel the peace I know,
And nothing quell the ecstasy like pain.

INISCLARE

As a great bird in a deliberate flight
Parting the mists like a hanging curtain,
You come in a stream of sudden light,
You come, as you will, in your ways uncertain,
And float before my dreaming sight,
Inisclare.

Then in the places where the half-blind
Perplex their eyes, thro' a white mist o'er me
There comes upon my troubled mind—
The noise of the curlew crying before me,
And the sound of the great hills booming behind,
Inisclare, Inisclare.

BUNNACURRIGH

OVER the bog the rain is drifting like long veils slow hands are shifting
Past the place where light is lifting burning from a world that shines
Like a halo everywhere;
Through the bog the water streaming down each silver path is gleaming
With a lustre that lies dreaming over its ravelled and twisted lines,
And lifts into the air.

Down from Mám the wind is coming over the bog-side calling and humming,
From afar a heron drumming may be heard beyond the rain
Lashing on the sodden Earth;
Yet a memory of Being far beyond the drift of seeing
Passes suddenly and, fleeing, holds the heart in a sharp pain
Of the waste and dearth.

Desolation, desolation, like a world waiting creation—
Yet at some strange evocation, burning through each
fold on fold,
Like a light hidden in a throne,
A dim beauty fairer than seeming lifts and shines and
passes streaming
Over the Earth where I stand dreaming in a pain no
heart can hold,
Crying and crying alone.

MÁM

HEAVY with mists the winds that made the heather
Cry with a voice that died in the low grass,
Went on their way, and all the hills together
Huddled among the clouds that hid their mass,
And a low piping came.

There was no voice except the heather wailing,
And the gaunt hills that had broken in a cry
As the quick wind along their sides came trailing;
But stillness had swept over them with a sigh
When that low piping came.

Only the seas along the cliffs far under
Eased the sharp hush that tightened like a girth
But a far singing like a distant thunder
Slowly came mounting from the depth of Earth
As that low piping came.

Voice swelled to voice like chords of music booming,
From worlds as near as far but beyond reach;
In dripping mists the mighty hills stood glooming;
Yet always as though uttering into speech
That patient piping came.

Then a sharp terror suddenly fell upon me,
And a wild joy lit through me like a flame;
And I know not what light shone whitely on me,
When I stood forth like a god in desire,
When I bowed low to kiss the breast of fire,
As the slow piping came.

MIONNÁN

In a stern world of wisdom and command,
That has no man enticed,
Among these gaunt wise hills, and these
Strong cliffs and sundering seas,
Suddenly in a light I understand
The wonder-words of the Christ:
And Joy quickens its flight through endless Beauty,
And Beauty wins through a Love higher than Duty.

COÍM

BURNING above the golden heart of day
A white light falls like petals through the air,
As though the throne of Earth had fallen away
Before the presence of a world more fair.

The world that builds itself in a bright show
Of shining hills and shining clouds and seas
That round the dreaming islands float and flow,
Flickers before a world more bright than these.

Hiding it yet it may not always hide,
For it is mixed with it as light with light,
Until it float where the branched ways divide
And vision is more pure than the close sight.

GOB RUAD NA COFRA

In the deep world that cannot shudder away,
That builds itself on this as heroes build
Unsleeping fame on the fames that they have killed,
Music breaks into light, and bright lights play
Like flowers of music in a shadowless day.

So a light shines that lifts above the sea
Wider than earth and brighter than the sun,
Burning beneath the coiled wave, breaking upon
The stretch of air, till the world seems to be
A shadow passing in an eternity.

Like a soft cadence falling through the air,
Like shadowy voices calling from some place
That shines within and melts the fair Earth's face,
A murmur of singing passes everywhere
Over the semblance of the world so fair.

Oh, vision of things so near and yet so far,
Flowing and flowing like the sea flows away
And yet shines under the bright light of day,
What is this delicate builded world can bar
And yet reveal you where in truth you are?

GEARRAN BÁN

BLEAKLY across the mountains the dawn swept
Coldly, with a white light that fell as rain;
And the thronged mists suddenly shuddered and crept
Along their sides, slowly fading again,
And all the world was cold among the hills.

Curlew and wild-geese cried in the upper air
Where Night gathered up her darkness like a cloak;
Along the Earth-side plover cried everywhere;
Then they all melted away like a thinning smoke;
And all the world was still among the hills.

The mountains among whom I trod my way
Like an intruder with dark presences,
Stirred strangely at the first white touch of day,
Stirred, and looked strangely across alien seas,
Before they took their strong accustomed ease,
Where all the world was hushed among the hills.

Slowly I lifted my eyes to pry on them,
But they were standing as they had ever been—
Save one like a fire burning in a gem,

Dreaming apart in a light no eye could glean,
Where the unseen shone goldenly through the seen,
And the world was strange and rapt among the hills.

Seeing that, a cloud of brightness swept on me,
And worlds on worlds on worlds passed flowing by,
Until, from a dream awakening, I could see
The Earth emerging to the light of day
That fell on the familiar comradely hills,
The old unchanging secret-guarding hills.

BEANN GHORM

The ways of life, the ways of life,
Roll on among the days of life,
Yet never roll beyond recall;
For where they wander dazedly,
They reel, and, slowly, mazedly,
Roll back into the All-in-All:
Yet always with a burthen borne
Back from the little earthen bourne;
And always with an added grace
Brought narrowly from that madded place;
And always, whatsoever shall be,
With a caught personality
That must pass on eternally.

The heaven is blue, the earth is green,
And all the veil of air between
Is like a water through which shines
The world of men and its designs,
Seen at the bottom of a pool
Where all seems distant, strange, and cool.
Familiarity seems to wear
An unfamiliar seeming there

Where the white houses cluster low
Under a clear cold sunlit glow.
The road winds like a living vein
Through the dark bog, round Loch na nÉan,
Under squat Mám, to flow away
Where the dusk inland huddles grey,
While little darknesses upon it
Creep agedly and slowly on it
Like creatures with long years to go
An obscure destiny to know.
The surging sea sounds through the air
Like a pent music everywhere,
Like voices where no voice can be
Because no heart can tell its name.
And suddenly, all suddenly,
The creakage from a farming wain
Breaks sharply, and is caught again
Into the being whence it came
To take life in a gasp of pain.
Yet how, or why, or whence it fell
There is no living tongue can tell.

Oh, silence that is more than sound,
Where every broken voice is found
And dissonance and music meet ;
Oh, staying that is more than going,
Where every hurrying path is flowing
About itself and is complete.

Oh, place that is no place at all
Because it has no trace at all,
With every aspect lost in it
Because their hearts are crost in it ;
Where all torn fringes drift away
As the slow veilings lift away
To show the inner place of dreams
Without which nought could be that seems.

The waters of the lake stare up
And look into the winter sky ;
The heavens look down like a great cup
And shine within that staring eye.
The fields, calm in their winter-dearth,
Lie carelessly about the earth.
The bog that never rest can know,
And broods in ageless passion so,
Flows on, as with a bended strength,
Flows round about the breadth and length
Of the spread earth, from which arise
The hills like sleepers old and wise,
And hints more mysteries with its spell
Than the wrought speech of man can tell.
And so the sea, on either hand,
Licks dreamily up each curving strand,
And sways and rocks, and rocks and sways,
To the world's end and end of days.

It is like an unreal might
That is more real than the light.
The very houses where they sleep
Seem narrowly snatched from deep and deep,
Building a semblance on some brink
Over which they may suddenly sink.
They seem like ramparts built around
A little woven spell of sound,
While all the music of all time
Booms in a symphony sublime
About the boundaries where they catch
Slender fragments to fit and match.
The very silence everywhere
Is balanced over the dizzy air,
As though it should, could but the bounds
Be broken by evoking sounds,
Loosen and slip to crashing thunder
That would melt the framed world thereunder,
Crumble all the fashion of things
As it swept past with beating wings,
Sweep away all the semblance that hides
The inner place where glory resides,
And open the world that is much more
Than the seen world that is its shore.
All the mapped island under me,
In bog and mountain from sea to sea,
And passing darkly where Mayo
Lifts up its clustered hills, seems so,

An insubstantial builded place
Through which shines one transfiguring face.
Yet where the white cool houses greet
The falling sunlight at my feet
There most the silence seems to press,
Until the very quietness
Makes them seem, through the trembling
air,
Like phantasms of things that were
On some unreal strand of time,
As waves that leave a frothy rime
In token of some ancient tide
That turns on other shores to ride.
So life that is more than it seems
In all its tangled threads and schemes,
Seems suddenly withdrawn once more
From that which was its frothy shore,
And to possess its being whole
In the deep wisdom of its soul :—
When through the air swaying like a sea
A single voice comes tremblingly,
One voice that, swelling on its way,
Cries sharply and clearly across the day
From the unreal world it came
Like some uprising tongue of flame.

The dream of life, the dream of life,
That floats through all the scheme of life

And is more than it seems to be,
Like a white glory shines around
The builded world, and twines around
The shadow-show that men may see.
The silences are the singings sweet
That round the earth-songs clinging meet,
Making all song a threnody,
A pain for the ampler melody.
The light falls on the edge of the world
To show it is no ledge of the world,
But even where it dwindles there
A greater beauty kindles there,
And, even where it may spin its part,
With all the furthermore in its heart.
In life we are in midst of Life
Fuller than all our petty strife,
From which swift intimations come
Shining to smite all nations dumb,
With memories older than old history,
Most strange, most near, in a shrouded
mystery,
That see the world a shining place,
Ah, but a divining place,
And know the world no resting place
But an adventuring testing place
Until the old divinities
Take up their hinted destinies
When the last light shall glint the seas.

Like an old memory that may burst
Suddenly in the quiet brain,
Until the larger peace that first
Possessed it, float around again,
So the shout strangely broke the day,
And so it gently passes away.
The dream of the world in which the world lies
Quietly sleeping like a flower furled lies
In the Beauty which it reveals,
Once more through the sunlight slowly steals.
The lake, the mountains, and the sea
Melt like a dew in infinity.
The bog flows on across the land
Like a rhythm that seems to demand
The supple larger life it shows,
In which, for a little hour, it flows.
The light falling about the air
Almost reveals the world more fair,
From which the seen world breaks to sight
Through the torn veils of seeming night.
The houses in the sun lie dreaming,
The little houses whitely gleaming
From which the quavering shout came up
Like a bubble to the brink of a cup.
And suddenly, all suddenly,
The puzzled memory comes to me
That, though my larger self be here
Where the bent arc melts in the sphere,

In the strange world of seeming lies
The searching sight of my two eyes;
That in the life that is but part
Of the great Life, one beat of its heart,
Maybe even now I am taking thought
To win some battle closely fought.

Oh, light that seems no light at all,
Shining through every vision fair;
Oh, flight that is no flight at all,
For all our hungers lift us there;
With what strange veils about our way
We struggle in the light of day,
Seeking to build a spirit to house us
When the pure world of worlds shall arouse us,
That prophets' dreams and poets' dreams
Acquaint us of who know its gleams
Even as we hold before our eyes
The vision wherein we are only wise,
The hope that is the memory
Of what we were and yet shall be.

Over the houses like a thought
Drifting dreamily half unwrought
Curls a blue smoke that fades away
Where the sea turns to blue from grey.
It curls up under the cold sun
Like a stray woof of life unspun,

Returning to the larger Life
Lying peacefully round the centre of strife.
The burning hearths of love and pain,
Of the leashed life fretting at its chain,
The adventure or the slow content
Within their little circles bent,
The puzzled labours of the brain,
The lights, the intimations lent
To make the world shine suddenly
Irradiant with divinity,
And all the laughter and all the tears
Of a life that comes and disappears,
Float like a pungent odour drifting
Dreamily over the dreaming seas
Through the world where the veils are shifting
Blown by a wind of memories.
Suddenly then the seeming life
Lifts up the memory of its strife;
Whereas the larger life close-hidden
Lives like a limb where it is chidden,
Invading the embattled centre
With the dreams that are its secret mentor,
But eager, tense, and trembling there
Whence the blue smoke curls through the air.
Then as the noises from the roofs
Float up like distant-beating hoofs,
And voices like sharp tongues of flame
Leap where the silence has no name,

The phantasm of the builded world
Seems like a place where life is furled
Until the secret hour will shine
And all the veils shall drop away :
When each life and each life divine,
Built in the issue of the fray—
Building in pang and pain and throb
The temple of self no time may rob—
May burst into the fields of light
Brighter than any day is bright,
Making the world unreal seem
In the dream of the world that is more than a dream.

The fates beyond the gates of life
Bend low to the dictates of life,
Obedient to their first decree,
That he who would stand immune of the years
Must find his spirit hewn of the years
Infallibly, infallibly :
That he who would come re-arisen of the years
Must take his hurt in the prison of the years
Where the hard, close travails be.
For there the bright immensity
Of the soul is wrought to a tensity :
Is shaped and smitten and battered there
Where Time's strange tools lie shattered there ;

Is bathed in a crucible of fire
To temper and chasten and quicken desire ;
And, strewn though it be with a mystery
Of memories lighting all the brain,
Is passed through a tangled history
Of memories that befall the brain ;
Catching at vision and seeing beauty
Shining beyond all shackled duty ;
Until the wrought work build itself
As the fierce energy willed itself :
When, as the close war finishes,
The prison-house diminishes,
Where in the fading gleam of life
There shines the growing dream of life :
Lights fall upon the edge of the world
To show it is no ledge of the world,
But even where it dwindles there
A greater beauty kindles there,
Where the caught personality
Must always, whatsoever shall be,
Pass on, pass on eternally.

BACCHANALS

BACCHANAL OF SUNSET

A CAPRICE

LEAPING across the pale fields of the sky
So they came trooping from the West,
In amethyst and amber drest,
Some in rich crimson tunics, some in high
And flowing golden drapery, some in pure
Delicate colours softlier to allure,
  Swift at the instant shut of eve
  In floating rituals to weave
Tumult of arms and noiseless flutter of feet
Down thro' the trembling air while Day hung sweet.

  So they came floating down,
  Down to Earth's green and brown,
To take a measure in her spaces there;
  And as they sang their songs,
That fell like gentle dew about the air,
  The Earth's own secret throngs
Rose up to greet that joyful company,
  In crystal and opalescent
  Garments, each with a crescent
In pale white beauty where each brow should be.

Then in the midmost
Air, so they did most
Gladly delight them,
So to requite them
For the strong daytime
Hushing their playtime.
Each heavenly lover
Glad to recover
Each earthly sister,
Laughed as he kist her
Dancing a measure
In happy pleasure.
Dresses and tresses,
Tresses and dresses,
Mixed in a mazy
Intricacy hazy ;
Arms in quick rhythm
Lifted, and with them
Flashes of bodies white and so rare,
Wondrously fair :
Each in wild rapture
Wishing to capture,
In a bright cup,
The trampled juices
Running Heaven's sluices
In streaming colour, and filling Earth's ecstasy up.

Faster and faster they flew in their dance,
Faster and faster, and higher and higher, until,
While their swift whirlings hid their colour and glance,
Light faded in the wonder of their skill.
Even where they shimmered
Light faded and glimmered,
And eastern shadows caught the whispering trees.
Silvery laughter
Echoing after,
Dances they knew then
In starry hue then.
And when the night
Fell on the sight,
They hung high on the shining Pleiades.

A BACCHANAL OF SUNRISE

Oh, splendour burning through the fields sublime,
Flowing round about with shining robes of flame,
Trampling the blue courts of the House of Time,
In distant thunder, while the stars acclaim
Each other in tossed song,
Hail, hail, in a garment of light
Sweeping the cavern of the Night,
Hail, thou mighty and strong.

We look to thee but we know not thee nor see thee,
We have no knowledge of thee in thy might,
Save in the outworn rags of flame that flee thee
And hide thy naked body from our sight.
And yet, wherever we go,
Nowhere shall we know
Other strength than thine over all thy swinging earth.
Wherever we may be
There only we shall see
The gift of thy beauty mantling over her girth :—
Lying hid
The glory slid
Off from thy shoulder, clothing all her dearth ;

Hid, till thy eye shall light on it, and then
Colour, thy darling, greet thee back again.

Reining thy horses in the vaulted East,
With burning eyes and sinews standing taut
About the thews of thine arms, some winds have caught
The golden wonder of thy hair,
Flinging its tresses riotously athwart
The gusty stadium of the Night.
Look how the cowardly stars, above the air,
From greatest to least,
Are palsied at the sight.
Look where about the high and dizzy stair
They stand, and through the dark-flowing curtains flare
In terror of thy flight.
Mightily shod with wonder and thunder bright,
Their necks curved proudly, and so fair,
We hear about the dewy air
Thy champing horses burst through the fields of light.
Then, though the shows of the hosts of swarthy night
May be quenched at thy triumphing,
All the sleeping earth
Wakes in a pæan of mirth;
Awakes in joy to sing
In a massed chorus of song
To see thee coming in thy robes of flame so beautiful and strong.

Now, go we where we will,
There thou art victor still.
Now, seek we where we may,
The mantle of thy sway
Is flung wide and free
In its diaphaneity.
The lily's delicate shape,
The ecstasy of the rose,
The ruddiness of the grape,
And where the strong oak grows,
Look, thou art everywhere
Indisputably fair.

Yet though we see
The riot of thee
Flung over the earth for her most ancient use,
Though beautiful always so,
These are not thee, for lo,
These are the outworn strength thou didst diffuse
Going thy high-born way
In unwearied revelry.
These are thy thoughts completed, the soiled array
That thou didst cast from thee.
There thou goest leaping from strength to strength,
from joy
To a younger joy; thou dost not know the cloy
Of wisdom mantling in a pool,
Of wisdom winding over its spool

Pale thinking in memory of an outdone play.
It is we in whom Life fails to flow,
We who have known some passionate throe
Its after-languish wreak,
It is we ourselves are weak,
Who, finding footprints of thee as we go,
Muse on thy past things and content us so.

Therefore we dress thy brows with deity,
Therefore we find for thee vestments glimmering o'er
With all we fain would be,
And set thee radiant on a further shore
Glorious eternally.
Therefore we make thee a symbol in our thought—
When the blood in our veins
Frets us with weakness and pains—
Of strength full-fraught,
Proud in its high dreams, and through passion wrought
Arrogant and supreme:
Striding through dream on dream,
Like the youngling gods whose eyes of wonder blend
Wisdom and majesty and laughter without end.

So in thy golden garments streaming wide
Over the heavenly blue
And the Earth's varied hue,

The cup is at thy lips of heady wine
Ever at lip-full tide
Burst from pure harvests in some press divine;
While for thy music through all time there streams
A silence of bright song,
Fit revelry and fit dreams
That are neither right nor wrong.
Yet is thy passion so reliant and grave,
Needing no heady wine or mead to awake,
That like a wave
Too full to break,
It sweeps about our spent wills till we call
To share with thee the eternal bacchanal.

Then toward the fields of thy diurnal tread
We lift, in the pride of challenge, a high head.
Greater than thou are we
Even though awhile we be
Tricked in the puzzled ways of circumstance.
Indeed, thou art glorious;
But thou wert ever thus:
Thou hast not known strong battles with stern chance
To mould thee limbs elate for hours remote.
Where is thy vision? Canst thou see afloat
Wisdom thrice-purged in vivifying fires
And chanting to the soul's most secret lyres?

Yet thou art hung a token to our view,
That, as through the battle and bruit
We strike a timorous foot,
It is frailty that is caught deliberative
In thought's pale hue.
For as thou goest about thy blue-flowing meads,
In arrogance and might
Awaking all life to live,
Scattering thy gifts about thee in a light
Of laughterful deeds,
Godhead glows in us as we see
That pure exultancy of thee;
And lights flash in our dreaming eyes
While, through Time's puzzled mysteries,
Above our spinning thoughts, arise
Hints of far-beckoning destinies,
When life shall break her bonds and be
Ecstatic and shining and urgent and free,
Built in the difficult house of Time
For all Eternity, sublime,
When each weakness and chain
Shall drop from us, with thought and surmise and agreeing,
And we shall stand up all high things to gain,
Finding within ourselves all wisdom shining in pure Being.

THE SHADOW OF TIME

THE SHADOW OF TIME

BETELGEUSE, a dull red beacon, on a dark south-
western coast,
Fluttering like a guttered candle, lifted on me like a
ghost,
The strong hillside swelled beneath me, Earth the
mother raising me
High above the gloaming valley, where, with furtive
brilliancy,
There yet flickered some sharp earthlights, nearer
the eternal stars
That wheeled round the vault above me through the
trembling aery bars.
Strong and splendid was the hillside, strong and
tender in its strength,
Splendid in its slow firm curving through each foot-
way of its length.
Earth my mother raised me kindly, and I lay in deep
delight
Prone upon my back, and trembling, feeling her
caress of might
Shiver through my leaning body as I flung out both
my arms.
So she bore me above the world-toil, over the world-
moil and alarms.

Not a sound wounded the silence, but above the house of Dream,
Where the body stays its pulse and the great Soul stands up supreme,
Joy came on me like some music in a cunning measure caught,
And my thought was no more thinking but a dream resembling thought.

So I lay, prone, gazing upward. All the valley from that seat,
If I did lift up my brow, would, suddenly, seem at my feet
Like a great, black cloth of darkness shining under a vapour of blue,
Flung about Earth's middle fire-heart with some glimpse of it shining through.
Round about me, in a dreaming congregation, hills arose:
Strong and wise, even like the bosom that I lay on in repose;
Monarchs stirring to new power, lifting up their heads alert
That were streaming with the pale fires with which they were each begirt.
Power was out, and well I knew it: power that put upon my frame
Weights that crushed me, though I knew those shining Great Ones each by name

Where they stood, a mighty brotherhood that could hail each other well,
And could commune with each other in the freedom of night's spell.

Underneath me the Earth kindled, and within her breast I heard—
Like a wind loosed suddenly on a hush where not a grass had stirred—
Sounds of a great tumult running over the world and calling me.
Then I knew them, and I feared not; they were calling me to be
All myself when mingling freely with each wind and stream and hill
In an unimagined splendour. And my body lay there still.
Being, in a mighty tumult and a trampling splendour, came
With a song mixed with its laughter and a mantle like a flame
Shining round its limbs resurgent. Being rose unfetteredly.
Hills, those calm and secret mentors, doffed their daily majesty,
Stripped all seeming from their true selves; every rill, each twisted thorn,

Lay no longer in the semblances their daily selves had worn.
Earth was loosed in a bright rapture, and her voice had called to me.
She was melted in the greatness of her spirit: I was free
With the streaming, ruining multitudes of her shining presences:
And a singing came towards us from the hosts of the wide seas.
Like long waves that swing through waters coming from a storm aloof,
That sweep onward without a ripple, came that singing down heaven's roof,
Burst up musically from the earth-soil, and in echoes far and high,
Like vast strands of shining vapour circling under a starry sky,
Surged in rhythms, swayed and eddied in white patterns out and in.
Every presence that emerged shone with that singing from within,
Till all things were pale and shining in a strange translunar hue.
And I knew the drifting music that the Earth had broken to
Was her ancient choric dance; and that the ecstasy of our flight

Round the spaces and the chambers of the beating
house of Night
Was its secret measure of power, its hidden rhythm,
that we swept,
In a brightness that was music of the surging dance
we leapt.

When as so the dance swept on, with fluting music on
its lips,
The dark hour of strife and cunning folded back into
eclipse,
While the music changed to light, and then the light
by some swift law
Surged and broke to sweeping music, on a rushing
flight I saw
Betelgeuse, a shining spirit, over a dusk south-western
coast,
In a streaming halo of red amidst a singing starry
host.

I stood wondering. The far legions surging, like us,
in and out,
Called to me, and from afar I heard their pure, clear
echoing shout.
All the tumult of Earth's dancing swayed about me
as I stood
Spellbound, hearing a faint music that the moist air
seemed to hood.

Suddenly I was an alien under the obtruding bars
Through which came the beauty of the host that shone like many stars.
Earth's bright music flowed about me, but a passion woke in me
To achieve a larger freedom, to tread through eternity,
When, before I knew my travel, Space flowed round me as I sped
On and onward. Space was melted, dropping downward ; and I fled
Swiftlier than the swiftly fleeting messengers of impetuous light,
Though it seemed not I but Space was speeding past me swift of flight.
I was centred at the pivot of a living universe,
While about me great and shining spirits proudly did rehearse
Mystical intricate dances in a grave unhasting pace.
Orbed in light the gods were mighty as they swept the halls of space,
Whom I knew, though yet I knew not, in some memory sublime :
Rank on rank in many Orders that before the clouds of Time
Ever were and ever are and ever shall be, range on range,
In a Being majestical through all the drift and flow of change,

They surged on me in great rhythms: robed in many colours they
Swept upon the stellar revelry round me, past me, and away.

I was mingled in a ritual that fled like a laughing boy
In whose eyes unvanquished wisdom lightens with the freak of joy;
And a memory lifted me into a kinship with that rout
That, like sweeping clouds of colour, moved with rhythms in and out.
Yet although I had my lot in its ecstasy, it strangely seemed
That all space was speeding past me like a dream that had been dreamed.
For the shining halls grew populous, and the orb-like spirits came
Rushing wondrously like winds that trailed past me in sheeted flame,
Mated some, while some came singly. But they passed upon their way.
That grave dance that had no need to seek renewal seemed to sway
Past me, thinning now, now clustering, reeling backward, till at last
A great darkness stood around me, and the storm of joy had passed.

Far behind me, like the brightness of a dream within
a thought,
Like a hint of light in darkness making darkness
overfraught,
Shone the stellar rout and revel; but around me
through the gloom
Distance crowded upon me to shut me as within a
tomb.
Hung above eternal distance, if I fled or if I fell
I could tell not; and a blackness cast its terror like
a spell
Round me, so that I cried out in a great dread beyond
all fear,
Knowing not, and thinking not, if there were any
that could hear.

Silence, primal silence, housed me, so sufficient of its
awe
That it could not find a harbour for transgression of
its law.
I thought nothing of the fleet, the nimble messen-
gers of Light
That were crowding all around me in a winged and
wavy flight.
Nor did I think to consider what their destiny might
be;
Nor that I went quickly past them till their flight
seemed lethargy.

For the dread, the nameless terror, that I could not with a cry
Loosen, lay like chains upon me past all knowledge to untie.
In the desert where no worlds were, in the unfathomable abyss
Where no spirits high and pure rushed on each other with a kiss,
I hung lonely in my terror, housed in by eternity,
When a white and piercing brightness winged about me suddenly.

I was standing on the threshold of a wonder-region, caught
Wonder-stricken, trembling at its beauty in a dream of thought.
Far and wide and high it shone, yet nothing of it could I note :
From all quarters of that kingdom did such light and beauty float,
From the air, and from the floor, and from the landscape and the sky,
That the pure excess of beauty overcame the seeing eye.
Weighted by the further distance, then I cast around to see
What lay nearer to arrest me : something that might capture me :

Something that thereby my vision should not grapple with the scope
Of the accumulated beauty of the distance, range and cope:
When I saw, just where that kingdom rankt above Night's precipice,
Where the soaring region of Beauty captured seemed from the abyss,
Two tall spirits that were standing weaving at a noiseless loom:
And to them I took my passage like one treading through a gloom.

Tall and pale and proud were they, with eyes that saw as in a dream
All the universal gladness swaying in its well-wrought scheme.
Like a dawn beyond the mountains, treading through its dewy way
In long shafts of streaming colour from the chambers of wide Day,
Shone their hair above their foreheads, while they bent the loom to scan,
Where their swift and subtle fingers added span to further span.
Then I saw what had escaped me: strands and ribands of pale light,

Wisp-like, floating to their fingers through the outer depth of night:
Ribands almost, as it were, unspun and wound from off a spool
On the other side of darkness, that had crost the old night's rule
In quick-fluttering waves of colour interpenetrating space.
So I saw the two majestical spirits stooping in slow grace
To pick out from the intricacy of the ribands in their flight
Here and there one deftly chosen for the loom of their delight.

Then I came near to discern what it might be they made so well.
Near the loom so white and shadowy, silent where it rose and fell,
Silently I found my way; and when I saw the cloudy weft
Thoughts, remote yet quaintly near me, stirred where memory's rags were left.
For, as I looked on that arras that those shining spirits wove,
There I saw the record given of those that lived and loved and strove—

There I saw strange little people strive and thrive in
battle strange—
And above eternal Being down the many ways of
change
Came the knowledge that the teeming multitudes
that I could see
Had lived on the Earth itself whose memory strangely
pluckt at me.
Tribes and tribes in armies—oh, I knew them well
wherever they were !—
In strange chariots running quickly over the dusty
plain that there
Fell from magical flowery mountains, in hard battle
rose from ease
Struggling with the tribes and tribes that flung them
throated challenges.
Further down that dreaming arras, on the clear weft
that was wrought,
Tribes and tribes in lonely places after their straying
cattle sought ;
Tribes and tribes erected cities shining with snowy
domes of stone
That lay cool and gleaming under the sun that trod
the heavens alone.
And still further tribes and tribes : many of whom in
dignity
Went about their ways in pride of all the happy
hours that be ;

Many of whom went furtively around the mapped
world in a mood
That left scenes upon the weaving that were like a
stain of blood.
Over vivid and dusty plains under the golden bowl
of noon,
Over plains of rippled snow swept by the hurricane's
ceaseless tune,
Among emerald meadows, through which, silvered in
their charactry,
Rivers curled, and rivulets, and shining lakes lay like
a sea,
Through damp mists that streaming rose to cloak the
hills and valleys green,
Winding about mountains that like sudden promon-
tories were seen,
Pushing barques on dreaming seas in hope to win a
helping wind,
In large heaps now, and now singly, as they lived
and loved and sinned,
So I saw Earth's thunderous nations on that silent
tapestry
That swelled up and billowed outwards, strive and
thrive unceasingly.

Dreaming strangely I came nearer to that loom
against the sky,
Even where the rainbow fabric musically left the ply :

To the jointure of the weaving, where, on one side, fell the beam,
Where it rose, and swayed, and fell again, in the workmanship of its scheme,
I came puzzled and perplexed to examine that strange tapestry.
I came slowly, thinking deeply, of the things that I could see;
And I stood in a half-wonder, for a memory in me stirred
Like a sound of birds at waking, that a tenth had not been heard
Of the rolling song of Life sung by the lips of men on Earth,
That a tenth had not been seen of all Time's anger or Time's mirth.
I stood there beside that arras, where the ribands of pale light
Fluttered to those searching fingers through the courts of ancient Night,
And I could no way unravel how that such a thing could be,
That its dreaming could but tell me half the tale that lay in me.

I stood there in a half-wonder. Then I turned away, and so
One of those same shadowy spirits with a dignity grave and slow

Turned about and lookt on me with laughter shining
in his eyes.
They were like two lakes of water from the depths
of which arise
Visions of light that fill the air with brightness like
a floating mist.
I was lost in them ; and, slowly, as by a laughterful
exorcist,
All the universal spaces spread before me to behold.
And I saw as from a height the ravelled mystery
unfold.

Far around me I could see the stellar revelry mapped
and spread,
Weaving in intricate measures all the dust of light
it shed.
Then the musical Earth I saw, fragmentary as she
sped about
The burning spirit that himself had his part in the
larger rout.
All his shining strength fell on her, bathed her,
wrapped her in a cloak,
And then, laden with her history, swept from her
with one soft stroke,
And, just as a swimmer swimming through a water
dark as night,
Surged across the starry distance, slowly, and with
laboured flight.

Through the song-riven courts of Being, laden with old history
Light came like a wayworn traveller, weary, and with trembling knee.
Where no time was there I saw time, as amid a starry array,
Through a joy full of all knowledge, history came its heavy way.
In those universal spaces of the universal joy,
Where to think upon a far thing was to be there and to employ
Strength and Wisdom in a Being that through all the flow of change
Ever was and ever is and ever shall be, range on range,
Through that labyrinth of laughter on its wisps and ribands pale
Time, the agonist, held its travel with a frayed and ancient tale.

Then the vision melted : suddenly once again I saw those eyes
That were like two pools of water from which clouds of laughter rise.
Like a thunder came that laughter bursting all about my brain—
When a summons fell on me like a familiar snatch of pain.

That sharp brightness all reeled backward, and through blackest night I fled,
Though it seemed not I was speeding but the nether night that sped.
Suddenly the starry revels whirled about me, flying fast,
Each pure spirit like a long white trail of fire sweeping past.
Each high gathering of the strong gods, throng on interlinking throng,
Swept above me, round me, past me, on a wail of dying song:
Till an old familiar singing came to me, and I saw swathed
In long streaming bands of colour Earth's grave bosom: washed and bathed
By the waves that round the beach of darkness, from a tide of gold,
Surged, a heaving swelling brightness that in triumph onward rolled.
On a flash, it seemed to me then, the weak body part of me
I saw lying on a hillside stretched as though ecstatically,
When I sprang erect and wondering, and the first red ray of dawn
Lifting over the dewy distance down upon my forehead shone.
Hills and streams and trees and ocean, and the wind that rocked the air,

Stood in that new day like spirits that had hidden
their essence rare
In the cloth of a mere seeming, and the heavens no
feet have trod
Arched above me like the visage with the smile and
joy of God.
On my lips there was the singing of a great and
nameless Name—
When across the dewy hillside in a distant echo came
Slow, grave chimes from a sharp steeple to exact the
passing hour.
Like a buffet it came to me, from a little alien power:
Then over the sunlit distance in the bending vault
of blue
Two great eyes I saw like waters with calm humour
shining through,
And a breathless laughter on the wind came breaking
like a song.
Then I looked within the Earth-veil where the throb
of life was strong;
And I saw the secret presences that build up the
secret laws;
And I laughed at that mad token of the thing that
never was,
Laughed aloud as I went downward from that holy
living hill
That when chimes and times are finished will be
knowledgeable still.

MISCELLANIES

ANGER

LORD, I would not be angry; the strong soul
Thou gavest Man is so well-wrought a thing
That I would fain not let it pass control,
In wildest use to mar its radiant wing.

Yet would I keep my habitation fair,
Swept clean, and garnished, and in all things true,
Therefore I swing its casements to the air,
Letting the winds of anger sweep it thro'.

Disdainful men that do not take a thought
Of where their feet are planted on distress,
Haply I would covet them the things they sought,
Losing my vision gazing on success.

Envy and malice poisoning all things fair,
Quelling the voices from thy heights of blue,
Shall I not swing my casements to the air,
Letting thy winds of anger play me thro'?

FLOWERS OF THE EARTH

FLOWERS of the Earth,
Children begotten of our mother's bliss,
By whose dear mirth
Upon the airs she wafts us a pure kiss,
I would not have you die
Drooping away, and lie
With those soft cheeks swept lately of the sun
Soiled, dishevelled and dun;
I would avoid that shame;
Therefore I strew you over the keen and quickening
flame,

With ritual grave,
With reverent gestures and a holy care,
Each beauty so brave,
Giving its loveliness to the lucid air,
I send back whence it came,
I give to sacred flame.
Back to the Beauty beauty came to show
Each spirit I bid go.
And from beyond the veil
Rich musics float my dreaming memories to assail.

A BALLAD OF DEAD LOVERS

Now how was it? My brain is tost,
And all my spirit is confused.
Perplexities most strange have crost
The margin of my thought bemused.

Did not strange garments round you wreathe,
You in this flowing cincture pale?
And did you not kneel by and breathe
Mute promises and whispers frail?

Ah! orange blossoms in your hair
Were bound; a lily in your palm
Matched with the blush made you so fair,
Seeming so very pure and calm.

Its white and upright wonder hushed
The agitation of your look:—
And was it not thereafter crushed
Within the pages of some book?

Ah, all my gaze was on you then!
What were those questions made the air
Astonished of the world of men
Beside that slender altar-stair?

Then stood we up erect and strong,
A sea of faces at our feet;
While waves of music loud and long
Burst in bright spray about us, sweet.

Did we not then essay that tide
—It is so faint and distant now!—
Flowing about us every side
To throw white blossoms on our brow?

Oh, Bride of Beauty! Oh, Most Fair!
There are no blossoms now on you,
Yet do you so quell this pure air
That all the angels crowd to view.

Oh, brow so silent in its pride!
Oh, eyes where all bright lustres shine!
Oh, snowy breasts on either side!
Oh, fingers that entwine with mine!

Oh, Queen as peerless now as then,
So long, so very long ago!
See, angels greet you, as once men
Threw scented petals on you so!

Within a cloister hid apart,
And hung with roses to our bliss,
In the quick music of my heart
I bore you fainting on a kiss.

Breathless I gazed upon you when,
  Blushing, you, in shy ecstasy,
Pluckt off the enveloping silks, and then
  Unveiled your perfect self to me.

Dear, how your lips came up to mine,
  Your head thrown back, your eyes shut fast;
Content to brave the realms divine
  Should that pure, perfect moment last!

It stands up sudden to me now!
  We did defy the creeping day
That round the world's wide rim its brow
  Lifted, to catch us in its sway.

Lip upon lip, and breast to breast,
  And aching limb with aching limb,
Our passion of love was our pure rest,
  And our pure glory the night so dim.

Sleep, did we? Sleep? Perhaps we did
  'Twas but continuation so
In secret worlds more closely hid
  Of that pure passion we did know.

Lip upon lip, and breast to breast,
  Each moment was more charged with bliss,
Each splendour more truly manifest
  Hung upon each dissolving kiss.

Oh, all of me and all of you
  Ached to invent some new device:
When a bright light broke on our view—
  And, sweet, it looks like Paradise!

Oh, love of loves! Oh, lips so pure!
  Oh, eyes so full of joy at me!
Oh, breasts so exquisite in their lure!
  Oh, flesh so white in its sanctity!

Sweetest, let us to some quiet place
  Fly from these curious angel hordes,
Where I may in your shining face
  Find out what new joy Heaven affords.

Where God has hung the lucent air
  Like veils from His bright hand above,
There let us go, there live, and there
  Drape the pure banner of our love.

IL MISERERE

In a vast hall I stood awhile and heard
A pealing organ thread a wayworn theme.
Aloft the gloom 'twas hung, and like a dream
Fantastic was it deckt about, and blurred
By dusky shades that thro' the twilight stirred.
And as the plaining music thro' its scheme
Sobbed, in the shadowy darkness did I seem
Wrought so with iteration of its word
That in a sudden fear I shrank before
A wild gaunt God, who glooming out across
A stricken universe, uttered his sore
And bitter pain: who, seeing blight and dross
Where He had strewn fair gardens in rich store,
Turned, and wept inconsolably at His loss.

DAY

WHEN the sable hues of sultry Night
  Are washed away by Noon,
And when the Sun in all his might
  Eclipses the pale Moon,
Then will I toss away squint Care
Earth's own exultant mood to share.

When the Sun's splendour floods the day
  With a light where all lights be,
Making the pool of air to sway
  Like a heaving golden sea,
Then will I let the rays so bright
Over my naked limbs delight.

Rioting in the wonderful hour
  I will run over the hills,
In very plenitude of power
  Forgetting all Life's ills,
And laugh until the dear old Earth
Shall echo back my tumult of mirth.

NIGHT

WHEN the garish vesture of the Day
  Night, with her touch of balm
Omnipotent, shall put away,
  And speak her dulcet calm,
Then with the moon's refulgent peace
I will bid sorrow and travail cease.

When at the margin of the woods
  Moths flutter peacefully
When shadows in their floating broods
  Haunt every bush and tree,
Then to the still Earth shall I go
Her secret ecstasy to know.

Wrapt in the mantle of the Night,
  At the hosting of the stars,
I would forget Time's trivial flight,
  Or that the Soul hath bars,
And furled with wide infinity
Gather all wisdom unto me.

TEIGUE:
A Tragedy of Souls

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

MICHAEL.
EVELEEN, his wife.
MARTIN, their friend.

The Scene is in Ireland at any time.

It is the simple, decent room in the house of a small farmer in Ireland. The window looks out on to the mountainy country, and the door leads to the hall of the house. Michael is standing by the window scowling out on to the road. Eveleen is standing by the table.

MICHAEL. Well, to me it is not so.

EVELEEN. Michael!

MICHAEL. Ah, is it?
To ready the house and look on your thoughts like writings
Painted about a chapel, for you to see,
And dream on them, and do whatever they say,
That may be ever so good and true, but is it
A kind of loving me?

EVELEEN. Is it so you think it?

MICHAEL. It 's what I am thinking; though it is not well
To flitter the bleeding pains of a man's heart
By asking pity an odd time.

EVELEEN. Ah, no, Michael!

MICHAEL. But that 's not loving. To my bit of thinking

Love is the kind of colour the big skies take
When two walk over the fields in a great content-
ment.
But you are avoiding me all times where you go.

EVELEEN. I am sorry you do think that.

MICHAEL. Ach, so am I.
But we will never untwist this trouble, you see;
For all times when I speak out, hotly maybe,
But anyway honestly, you freeze into a part
That drops out words like icicles.

EVELEEN. What can I do?
Michael, tell me what way you would have me talk.
You 'll say when I am thinking to fill your com-
fort,
And to make all your ways easy and orderly,
That it 's not out of love. Then it 's not so.
I cannot say more, so I cannot.

MICHAEL. Maybe;
And maybe not.—But you 'll be here to-morrow?

EVELEEN. Surely, surely!

MICHAEL. I am only asking because—
To-morrow—see, it fell out by a chance—
A lad there is in the village is called Teigue,
The little Teigue, some call him; and it happened,
Just like an owl drops into the big trees
And then goes out, I heard his story now——

EVELEEN. The little Teigue, yes, yes, the little
Teigue?

MICHAEL. Eveleen, you are not badly? Why are
you catching
The glass so tightly? Ah, you 'll shatter it.
Your cheek is tight as cords.
EVELEEN. I am not ill.
I am only suddenly sinking for I am tired.
MICHAEL. Your cheek is grey as clouds.
EVELEEN. I never wear
A very great colour, Michael, as you know.
The little Teigue—tell me, what is it?
MICHAEL. Well,
It came out by a chance—but I 'll quit that.
I 'll tell you quickly now. All times I have had
A kind of pity for him since I was told
The story of his mother. You know it surely.
All people know those things. We cannot know
How well his mother's lover would have stood up
And played her bravely after, if she had lived.
It 's to our charity to think he would.
But then she died; and Teigue came; and the
lad
Has all times taken my favour when I passed
Going to and fro.
EVELEEN. Michael, I am very busy.
I have things to do this day——
MICHAEL. You are all times so,
But I 'll be done. To-morrow I have been told—
Tim Doherty told me—little Teigue steps out

Over the holy seventh of his years,
To-morrow his foot goes into that new world;
And Doherty told me, too, his mother hoped
He would find a decent home then, in God's will.
Now, Eveleen, we have no child——

EVELEEN. Michael, hold saying it.

MICHAEL. You are wildly to-day. Would not I lack of decency
If I saw blame in that?

EVELEEN. We may yet have.

MICHAEL. And would not he wear his dignities after them?
It is so simple.

EVELEEN. Oh, oh, oh!

MICHAEL. You women!
I never did think you would snatch your hand from kindness
When kindness means so much.

EVELEEN. It is not that.

MICHAEL. He would be both of ours.

EVELEEN. It is no matter;
I am strong now; and I will not snatch my hand
From a kindness, Michael, as you say I do;
Tho' it 's a trouble that 's far more to me
Than you would believe it is.

MICHAEL. You 'll have him so.
Then that is good. To-morrow I 'll carry Teigue,
The little lad—ah, did you see him, Eveleen?

In his blue eyes a kind of gravity
Moves just like light in water, giving them
A deepness like a well has not a bottom.
You 'll see his black hair tumbling about his brow
That 's white and high——

EVELEEN. Not—not to-morrow, Michael!

MICHAEL. Ah, what you women are!—Here 's your friend Martin!
Always he is coming when he is not wanted.

EVELEEN. Not more my friend than yours.

MICHAEL. Did not I know
He wanted you once? He would have satisfied you,
No doubt at all, where I have failed to bring
That happiness. I 'll fetch him to you so.

[*Michael goes out, and in a little while Martin comes in.*]

MARTIN. Eveleen, what is the trouble?

EVELEEN. Nothing at all.
It is not right you should speak so to me, Martin.

MARTIN. I am sorry if my hasty kind of going
Broke into private grounds.

EVELEEN. It is not that.
You must not take me so.

MARTIN. But what is this?
You who are always carrying about with you
A straight, set dignity, broken this strange way,
And crying, Eveleen, crying! Tell me now,

What difficult thing it is has put you so.
Will you not tell me?

EVELEEN. It is nothing, Martin.
Things there are you must see and yet not see;
Look at, and then look past them. But be kind,
For I am wanting that. You are thinking, yes,
Because you see how Michael and myself
Seem this odd way to miss our happiness—
Ah, even in some unhappy disappointment
To miss a meeting itself, what way I try
To find him at the cross-roads of his living,
And walk with him,—that, seeing that, you know all.

MARTIN. I know more of your trouble than you think
I do.

EVELEEN. You may think that; but it 's not so.
Nothing at all could pull from me what it is
That makes this cruelty of our passing and crossing
Like a bad dream to me. But, Martin, look,
Because of the great words the past did hear,
Stay by me and be kind.

MARTIN. Eveleen, believe me.
You know, men's ways are strange; and they go on
To things unthought of. Those big words of mine—
The very winds that heard them blew them off
And lost them in the woods. I am not now

What I was then. No woman is to me,
Never now, nor ever can be, what the woods,
The lifting spaces of the big strong hills,
The bogs, the wavy bogs, the crying winds,
Or the world's music is. Why do you turn?
Michael, I think, knows this; but now you see,
Because I have been quitted from these things,
I 'll be a better friend to you. Tell me now——

EVELEEN. Oh, never now, Martin! But look, here he comes.
He cannot see me standing crying this way,
And grieving so. Say something to him.

[*She goes out hastily. Michael, who has hung about the house, comes across from the fields down the road. He enters the house and comes into the room.*]

MICHAEL. Where 's Eveleen?

MARTIN. She went about the house.

MICHAEL. Faith, but it 's cold.

MARTIN. True there 's a power in the air.

MICHAEL. Oh you!
And how 's the way with you?

MARTIN. It 's well enough.
I have a clue for the health.

MICHAEL. Ah, is it true
That seen you were, a morning of last week,
Standing in dreaming stillness like a loch
Up in the big hills, quilted with the snow

Under the grey skies, three whole mortal hours
Caught by the noble people?

MARTIN. And is it true
That just when the bog-water catches the sun
You go the road, to bring Teigue back from the school
Lifted up on your shoulder? Is this wise?

MICHAEL. God, you are a strange man, Martin.

MARTIN. Is it wise?

MICHAEL. Surely. And yet, I am telling you, wise or not,
I have been too flittered in these troublesome years
To abide this looking and looking at my apples
I may not take. Faith, it 's no more I 'll have,
And that I tell you. Morning and morning I go
To rumple the tumbling heavy curls are mine,
Saying, 'A grand day, little Teigue,' or now,
'A penny it is I am thinking Teigue would wish
To take his pleasure with'—and all the boys
Laughing and sniggering at me. But now, Martin,
That 's all a finished story. Mind that now.

MARTIN. I was not thinking you longed so much. I thought
Surely in going on you turned yourself
On the strong things once melted in your blood
From the eyes once met your eyes.

MICHAEL. Ah, did you so?
I hid up then the mouldering big black rat
I nursed all times, better than I thought, so.
—But what made you think that?
MARTIN. All this long time
I never did hear you say a name one time
You carried about with you like singing.
MICHAEL. Nora?
MARTIN. Let be no naming. One time, when she died,
I did remark the skies were not too tight
To hold the gusty crying you let loose
Over the big hills. So I did remark
A time gone by; but then that was not lately.
MICHAEL. A reason is in that.
MARTIN. May be, but so,
When I next see you jumping down the gardens,
Teigue shouting on your shoulder, and I am told
It is the way it happens every day,
God help me, it 's surprising.
MICHAEL. Damn you so.
MARTIN. Things will be happening to the end of times,
And some are wise, and some are not so wise,
And some are like to give a hurt.
MICHAEL. What way?
MARTIN. Never mind that now. You were after forgetting

All the great troubles ; let it stay like that ;
You forgot Nora, so you did, and now——

MICHAEL. Look you here, Martin. Do you mind that cross
That 's like a snow thing on the heather and moss
By the Seven Churches ? You thought I put that
In honour to my loving ? Flowers you 'll see
To decorate it every holy week——
What is the matter ? Martin, 'tis not you
Puts them in there ?

MARTIN. Not I surely.

MICHAEL. Who then ?
And will you tell me that ?—You are very strange
Still ; what is it ?

MARTIN. And will you tell me, Michael,
What you do find in this ?

MICHAEL. Find ? In good faith,
It 's not so hard to find what 'tis. I have tried
All times to find out who the body is
Puts these white flowers. I cannot. But be sure
The sex is not so difficult.

MARTIN. What 's that you say ?

MICHAEL. God help you, Martin, this : that she herself,
Nora, who was above the world to me,
Who gave me little Teigue, out of whose eyes
Herself looks, that she was not true to me,
For some one else tends her.

MARTIN. Michael, no, no!
That is not true.
MICHAEL. You are positive so; and why—
How came you so?
MARTIN. Michael, you 'll have me angry,
Who am not used to anger, if you talk
That hinting way. And did not myself know
Your Nora, see the kindness soften her eyes
When you came by, hear that big voice she had
Grow into music at your talk, and know
The way she took all shame to have you clean?
MICHAEL. I am sorry; you are right, and my good friend.
I will be wrong; I thought she was not worth
My grieving; and the going of my grieving,
Turning from that, went over to little Teigue,
Until I cannot bear it. Sure it 's over.
To-morrow he 'll go into his seventh year,
And comes into this house.
MARTIN. You 'll not do that.
God help you, Michael, you are mad altogether.
It cannot be; no, it cannot be, and it will not
If I can stop it. Man, what did you think——
MICHAEL. Stop this now!

[*Eveleen enters. She looks from one to the other as she is about to speak to Michael.*]

EVELEEN. You two are not quarrelling?

MICHAEL. We are not, then. We are speaking of some business
Ought to be private.
MARTIN. No, we were not quarrelling.
We have never yet, and we 'll not start it now.
It 's something else.
EVELEEN. Then you 'll want me to be going?
MICHAEL. Cannot we have——
MARTIN. In a very little time
We will be finished; and I 'll call to you.
EVELEEN. Very well.
[*Eveleen goes out again troubledly.*]
MARTIN. Michael, as you are my friend,
You must not. What will Eveleen say to it?
MICHAEL. What would she say? I take a little lad
And raise him as my son. I have spoken of it,
And sure she takes it badly; she has never had
A child, you see, and the woman's jealousy
Runs greenly in her blood. But she consents—
That is the great thing. Teigue will win her over.
The lad would melt an icicle.
MARTIN. She consents!
MICHAEL. Did not I say so? God, man, what a stir it is
Has whipped your mind. You 'll sure trip over something
If you tramp round like that.

MARTIN. I know who it was
Hung the blue flowers over the decent cross,
Who put the white flowers into the earth itself,
Who bought the cross maybe, and who, I 'll swear,
Made the perpetual masses to go up
From the slow priests like a thin incense drifting
Before the throne of God.

MICHAEL. Though it 's all finished
I 'll tell you, Martin, I would give big money
Put into your fist now, God help me so,
To have that knowledge, so I would.

MARTIN. I 'll tell you.
Have you been ever searched out in your sleeping
By a slow hand comes from the hills?

MICHAEL. I have not;
Not lately; when I was a boy.

MARTIN. Ah, surely,
Are not those the shining hours men do be having?
I was one time waked that way: something came
And drifted about me, falling from the sky,
Or rising from the earth. Then I went up
Through the grey darkness creeping from the room,
And looked out to a world that the big years
Cannot destroy. Over the Seven Churches
The wood was scarfed in a white drifting mist
In the world's greyness; and, just like a spirit
Thinking and thinking in a kind of coat
That the wind blew about, it sat there dreaming,

While from the middle of itself a song
Came bursting out. It was all quiet that time;
There was nothing about so early as that;
But just that kind of spirit there whose heart
Went bursting up and breaking into a song
Where all songs mixed, that filled up all the world,
And went up in a tumult to the sky.
And I, Michael, I could have been burned up
With the gladness came on me; I could not move,
I trembled so that time.

MICHAEL. Will you tell me
What 's this to do with Nora?

MARTIN. That comes later.
There I stood, with the world lying underneath me.
It was all pearly, and, just like a rose
Shining under the water, colours were streaming
Under the air. There I was rooted still.
There was that spirit-thing that was like a wood
Shaking and shaking and shrilling with a song.
Then it changed slowly; and the wood threw off
Like little birds the bits of song it was singing.
The sun came up all goldenly and fine;
And as I came out from my dreaming so
I looked down to the grave, and there, before
The decent whitey cross near by the heath,
I saw a figure kneeling—one little figure
Praying, and taking the flowers with the beads.

MICHAEL. Martin, who was it? Tell me.
MARTIN. Eveleen.
MICHAEL. Martin!

[*The two look away from one another a long time in silence.*]

Tell me, how shall I meet her now?
MARTIN. I 'll say
I always wondered at Eveleen.
MICHAEL. This long time!
What a strange way I have gone, not knowing at all
The things that were all round me. I have broken
The music in her. My head is like to break
With the meanings crowding in it. I must try
And pull the things straight that have gone astray.
MARTIN. Surely then your time 's coming.

[*Martin opens the door and calls several times to Eveleen, who comes at last very stiffly in her dignity.*]

I 'll be going.
EVELEEN. So soon? Cannot you stay?
MARTIN. Better not so.
Blessings at you.
EVELEEN. And with you.

[*Martin looks from one to the other of them and passes out.*]

Michael, you 'll wish
Teigue should sleep in your room. Whatever you wish
Will you tell me now?

MICHAEL. Eveleen!

EVELEEN. Whatever will be
I must ready the house for him.

MICHAEL. Ah, no!
Cannot we leave him as he is? And yet
It was a solemn charge to me. Mind now,
Maybe your heart 's destroyed to think of faith
Attached to me, but I 'll not bring him here,
The little Teigue, if it would hurt you so.

EVELEEN. Let it be, Michael, as it is my duty——

MICHAEL. Will you say that? There 's not a wish at all
In me you have not your part in. For God's sake,
Be kindly to me. Martin, who was here,
Gave me a light—those prayers, that cross, those flowers!

EVELEEN. What do you mean? What did he know of that?
Michael, you 'll not be taking that thing from me?

MICHAEL. I 'll not be taking anything from you. I am wishing
To give, not take away, now; so I am.
Cannot you see that in me? Eveleen, Eveleen,

Make me feel better, not worse, than I am.
What will we do with Teigue?

EVELEEN. Sure he 'll come here—
Sure he 'll come here. I am seeing that thing now.
That is what I must do.

MICHAEL. But tell me this,
Cannot he help us both? Cannot I find
The track you have found, going your separate way,
And tread it with you? A great loneliness
Has come to me. It 's no way now for me
To take my tracks up and down through the land,
And you so far away. My heart will be,
All times that I do go, shaking in me
Like the leaves that do be flittered by the wind.
If Teigue will come, will he help us? Look kindly.

EVELEEN. No, do not, Michael. I am strong now. Yes,
I can face everything; but do not make
Me weak again with facing over the past.
I must go on my ways; the road is broken
Behind me, so it is. Do not come near.
I cannot bear it. I 'll put Teigue to your room.
[*She goes very hastily out of the room.*]

MICHAEL. Ah, God of kindness, is it too far gone?
Cannot I pluck back what I pushed away
In the troublesome years? I must go after her.

TEIGUE

Damn it, what will that do? I could not kiss
her
Now. This long time! I cannot call again
The misuse now. I must go after her, though.
[*He goes slowly and heavily out of the room.*]

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